THE LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

No. 26.—Vol. II. Saturday, June 28, 1845. {Price 1*d.* or, Stamped, 2*d.*

LETTERS FROM BELGIUM.

Continued from page 140.

LETTER IX.

Having explained to you the Catholic belief regarding the chief mysteries in which the true Church differs from the established religion in England, my task becomes comparatively lighter, being now able to touch upon some points in which we all agree; of which prayer is among the most essential.

I will, therefore, devote this paper to instructing you in the Catholic faith and practice respecting prayer.

We all agree that the Christian's life should be a life of prayer. The only point on which we differ is the method of prayer.

The method of the Catholic Church is essentially different from that of any protestant method.

The degree of excellence of the method of practising any art, is shown by the proficiency of those who use that method in the practice of the art, when compared with those who use another method. For example: facility of speaking a language is attained by those who follow one method, while those who follow another may learn the language correctly, but never attain the power of conversing in the language.

The Catholics may appeal with confidence to any impartial person, who has had the opportunity of comparing the members of the Catholic Church with members of protestant communities, to declare which body of christians possesses pre-eminently the grace of prayer. The Catholic's life may truly be said to be a life of prayer; for the Catholic has learned to pray by the method which enables him to converse with God.

I appeal to you, even little opportunity as you have as yet had of knowing anything of Catholics, whether, as far as you have had occasion of knowing them, you are not ready to bear testimony to the truth of my assertion, when I say, that, among the members of my Church, there is a decided superiority in the exterior bearing of those engaged in prayer over anything you have ever witnessed among any other body of christians? Since you have begun to visit occasionally our churches, have you not remarked a spirit of supplication in the Catholic worshipper unlike any thing you ever before observed? So fixed, so silent, so earnest:—I refer to times when no service is being performed, but when the supplicant is left to his own heart's unaided devotion; when the churches are empty, excepting the few who linger there for private devotion. Do these not place beyond all doubt the fact, that Catholics truly possess a secret of prayer unknown to any other body of christians?

Very generally without a book—the uneducated necessarily, the educated by choice—whether priests or laity, yet the constantly moving lip, and strongly devotional countenance, prove sufficiently that neither feeling nor language are wanting. I have already shown you how unremittingly a spirit of prayer is kept up throughout the day. I never see one of our people pass through the churchyard, nor by the church door, without their uttering a short prayer. No one ever enters a church, whether on business, or from curiosity, but they kneel down, and spend some minutes in prayer. And during the services, I have constant opportunity of observing the spirit of prayer kept up without any book, from the beginning to the end; their own heart supplying materials for holding on in prayer.

This practice of prayer is general throughout the Catholic Church.

Is there not then a secret of holding communion with God in prayer, in the possession of Catholics, which no other form of religion possesses?

I have already shown you that the strongest deepest feelings of the human heart are called into action by our faith in profound mysteries—the Sacred Mass, the Divine Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar, and the Abiding Presence of Christ in our Churches. Communion with God so intimate as these mysteries create, is the grand source of a prayerful spirit. To bring such feelings into active working, only needed the skilful teaching of the Church. And it is in this teach-

ing where lies the secret of the Catholic readiness in prayer.

The universality of the effect of this teaching, is produced from its simplicity. The use of any simple machine is attainable by all; and a simply constructed machine of daily necessity becomes universally adopted. Thus it is with prayer among Catholics.

Any protestant friend to whom I have explained our method of prayer, and who has adopted it, has found it exactly adapted to the necessities of their heart. This induces me to be minute in my explanation to you.

For the sake of order, I will arrange what I have to say under three heads, as the Catholic method of prayer naturally branches out into three divisions.

First.—Preparation for prayer.

Second.—The language used.

Third.—The being accompanied by the intercession of others.

"Prepare thy heart when thou comest to serve God," is a scriptural command, very rigidly obeyed among praying Catholics.

The first act of preparation is, to form the intention. Much of the fruit of any act of worship may be traced to this one act. "The intention is the soul of all good actions, and by failing to form it well we make strange losses for Heaven. (Father Coret, Holy Year, 28.) Our most solemn act of worship, the sacred Mass, is prepared for both by priest and people by privately forming the intention. In going to a Benediction service, we propose some intention, some end, towards which to direct our prayers. The priesthood, in reciting their daily duty of prayer—the Office—form their intention before they begin to pray. Private persons are taught to prepare for all prayer. They must pause for a time to recollect what they are going to pray for. This time must be longer or shorter, as the circumstances require. An instant suffices when the subject of prayer forces itself upon the intention. A sudden flash of lightning, for instance, calls forth instantly an intention for preservation. An hour's meditation is prepared for by proportionate slowness of forming the intention.

The intention formed, the second act of preparation is the invocation of the Holy Trinity. This no Catholic, not even an infant, ever omits, when beginning to pray. The words used, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," are the first a babe learns from its mother's lips; a short and strong prayer in itself, the words being accompanied by tracing with the hand the form of the *Cross*—tokening, in one quick movement, the epitome of all the woe which One, the Mighty One, has borne for the individual thus tracing out His Cross. Other acts of preparation are added: such as the supplicant solemnly placing himself in the presence of God, his offering up his memory, his understanding, &c.—but I fear to weary you, and will proceed to the language of a Catholic's prayer.

"Lord, teach us to pray," the petition of the disciples, so simply granted in the words of the "Lord's Prayer," is a petition his Church answers in teaching how to use aright this ever suitable form of devotion; and the Lord's Prayer is consequently the prayer in most frequent use among Catholics. A dissenter would be shocked at the constant repetition of these same words. You, as a member of the Church of England, are better prepared to be informed that it is in unceasing use among us; and that every necessity of our heart seems to mould itself into expressive language by these heaven-taught words. I again quote from Father Coret's Holy Year, page 29.—"In order to give you a high idea of this prayer, know that Tertullian, in the book which he has written about it, calls it the abridgement of the whole gospel, the philosophy of heaven, to which those apply themselves who aspire to the felicity of angels; and S. Ambrose says, that it is a short prayer which contains all virtues. S. Augustin says, that it is a request composed by Jesus Christ to the taste of his eternal Father, because it is essential that the request which one presents to a king should have the air of the court, and be prepared by one who knows the taste of the prince. Make use of it then, and hope to obtain what you demand; since this prayer does not ascend alone to heaven, but enters there clothed with a character of authority, as being vivified by the Spirit of Jesus Christ, who has made it, and who prays with us."

Again, at page 35.—"If the mind of Christ is in the Lord's Prayer; if this divine Saviour prays with us even when we recite it; if *He* has said, 'After this manner pray ye;' and if He alone, according to Tertullian, has been able to teach us the manner in which He wishes we should speak to Him—can we imagine for ourselves a prayer more holy, more necessary, more useful, or more efficacious? Use it, then, in the morning, at evening, each time the clock strikes, and, so to speak, at all times; and if you know not what to think upon, weigh over these words: you will find in them an inexhaustible source of sweet occupation.

Our morning prayers include many Lord's Prayers; repeatedly forming different intentions as we use each. Several we say in common with all Christians, and with the same intentions; and in addition, many of our own private necessity, never seeming to weary of the repetition of the same words; on the contrary, not recollecting that

we are repeating the same words, so does the feeling vary by forming different intentions in saying them.

You have the Lord's Prayer used on very different occasions in your church:—at the baptism of an infant, and at the burial of the dead, for instance, but you are not instructed in its use as we are, nor accustomed from infancy to repeat it under every circumstance.

Our next form of simple language is pre-eminently litanies. Our books of devotion are frequently made up of these. Your church retains one, which has been altered from one of ours. This will, therefore, give you some idea of the supplicatory earnestness of this form of praying. But you have not retained the feature of our litanies, which the most strongly marks the spirit of entreaty: I mean the repetition of the same awakening cry, thrilling through the heart's desolateness, like the night-long note of the unwearying watch-bird, plaining through the still darkness, till nature has hushed all ruder sounds to listen in willing sympathy. So does the Catholic's solemn litany echo through the still vault of heaven, till angels hushed to sympathy, bear it onwards to the throne of mercy, and "Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent" pleader "takes it by force."

The "Litany of Jesus" is one beautiful specimen of this Catholic manner of praying. You, perhaps, possess it, as it is known to some Protestants. Can any thing express more strongly the sense of need of the supplicant, and his confidence that he calls to One who bends a willing ear to his petitioning, than the repetition of the one beloved name under the characters by which He best loves to be known, and by titles which have been gathered from the Scriptures:

"Jesus, the good shepherd, have mercy on me.
Jesus, the bread of life, have mercy on me.
Jesus, the friend of sinners, have mercy on me.
Jesus, meek and humble of heart, have mercy on me."

Strangers may smile at this simple language of a Catholic's prayer—But we are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind," and our only hope is to sit by the way-side where we know Jesus will pass, and cry out and say, "Jesus, have mercy upon us," for we know he will hear our "litany." We know he will stand still and ask us what he shall do for us, and then we will show him the object for which we had formed our intention to pray. Falling down and worshipping Him, and repeating, "Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us."

Another use of litanies is the means they supply of forming acts of worship, of being "instant in prayer," of solemnly worshipping God. The litanies are also full of instruction. They are generally formed from scripture, and are indeed either directly or indirectly scripture turned into prayer, especially those in most general use—such as the Litany of the Passion and others. The Holy Ghost speaks to each man's heart, according to his character in the words of these litanies. The Litany of the Passion is an abridgement of the life of Christ, as contained in the Gospels, turned into a solemn act of worship. The Litany of the Holy Trinity is a noble prayer, setting forth the mystery of the Triune God. The Litany of the Holy Ghost, gives an abridged scriptural instruction of all the attributes and offices of God the sanctifier. It is much used among us for obtaining guidance under difficulties, peace of mind, the right use of the intellectual powers, &c.

Every litany begins by the invocation of the three persons of the Holy Trinity, in the same words as those which your church has retained, and ends by the "Lamb of God, who takest away," &c., also retained by your church. A prayer or prayers are then added, in accordance with the intention formed before beginning to pray. Such are some of our most simple methods of prayer in general use, easy of attainment by the unlearned, and easy of practice to the sick and the dying. And the church provides for the ignorant, the babe, the sick, and the dying, a necessity often forgotten, when persons in the pride of intellect and the fulness of health, scoff at her simple practices, as the folly of idiots—not recollecting that the great mass of every country's population consists of the poor, who have neither learning nor leisure for high intellectual occupation, either in religion or in the world of children, who live upon feeling rather than intellect, let their rank be what it may, of the sick, whose enfeebled powers reduce them to the state of infancy, of the dying, (and the proudest intellect must pass the gate of death), the manner of passing whose threshold must decide for them a happy or a miserable eternity. How blessed to all such, to have a simple, attainable means of prayer, and to feel that it is the means their Church has taught them, and that they are not alone in their manner of addressing their God, but that hundreds and thousands are using the same prayers, sanctioned by the same appointed teaching.

However, you must not suppose that because the Church thus provides "milk" for "her babes," she has no "strong meat" for such as "are of riper age;" through every gradation of devotional feeling she stands ready with food to nourish us. By judiciously intermixing forms of prayer with extempore, we are led on in the practice of prayer till a devotional spirit is formed. The teaching how to advance in learning to pray, forms a regular course in her public instruction. Also the examination of conscience, which is made the

foundation of much prayer. The universal practice of meditation, is a fruitful means offered for advancement in spiritual life. To give a certain portion of every day to serious reflection accompanied by prayer, is enjoined on all. To the daily labourer and to the young, this time must be necessarily short, and to one quarter of an hour thus occupied, the Church grants a proportionate reward. To persons of leisure, one hour of every day is devoted to this exercise, and priests almost universally practise it. I know not one within our circle, who does not perform this duty most conscientiously, taking as the foundation of this practice the example of Christ, Matthew xxvi. 40. "Could you not watch *one hour* with me?" It is generally the duty of the early morning, before Mass, either in the church or in some private apartment, quite alone, no interruption being allowed, that the whole being may be given up to God, and is begun by a solemn offering of the memory, understanding, and will, to think upon, learn of, and obey Him. It would be too long to enter fully upon the subject of meditation, it deserves a volume to be written for your use, dedicated to it alone. Much assistance is given to the beginner by oral teaching and also by books, some of these being composed of complete meditations, some only of skeleton meditations, for the mind to fill up. You, who have never lived among Catholics, cannot imagine the beautiful result of these systematic exercises. They issue in the formation of character, a character quite distinct from the piety you have been accustomed to among Protestants. Devoted, living for God alone, really renouncing the world, meeting death as a friend rather than a terrific enemy. Calm, sweet, quiet, earnest, and these not flitting across our path, just by occasion, and found by one or two among a large circle, but the character of the body of the Church, because trained under the same universal system, and governed by the same laws.

I have already told you of the annual week's retreat made by our clergy, a custom tending so very greatly to keep alive a fervent spirit of devotion. There are convents where ladies may go for the same holy purpose, these retreats are conducted on the same plan as those for the clergy, but as I have not yet attended one, I cannot give you any account of them.

It is usual for clergymen, or others, who have not the opportunity of going to these retreats, to make a yearly retreat of a week at home. They contrive to have their retreat at the same time as one or other of the clerical retreats is held, and by possessing the rules for the distribution of the day, can follow out the exercises very profitably. The Catholic churches favour such a season of solemn devotion, being nearly always open, or by asking for the key, may be visited at any time without it being thought an extravagant thing for any one to go to spend some hours of each day before the tabernacle of the present Saviour. This uniting with a body of Christians, and spending the hours as nearly as possible as they are spending them, encourages to perseverance, and the self-imposed solitude solemnizes the mind. Social devotion is one of the great consolations of our religion. To this I will now endeavour to make you a convert, by showing you the great advantages of the third division of my subject: namely, Intercession. This involves much that must be discussed with patience, and at length, I will, therefore, give to it a separate letter.

[*To be continued.*]

ANCIENT WROUGHT-IRON WORK.

In ancient works, such as hinges, locks, bolts, rivets, railings, or screens, the greatest ingenuity to produce beauty, in addition to skill, to render the work sound and fit for its purpose, is apparent. You see that the man was an artist as well as a smith, that he understood the material on which he was working, and knew how an effect was to be obtained by it. The beauty of the foliage in some works of the sixteenth century formed out of thin iron plates, simply twisted up by a tool, is marvellous. Tracery was produced by plates differently pierced, laid one over the other, without any attempt at disguise, and flat bars were rivetted together, and made ornamental by the very rivets. These men, as we said before, were artists as well as smiths: one of them, indeed, Quentin Matsys, shows himself so to the world in another material; but his reputation as the worker of the iron screen of King Edward the Fourth's tomb in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, is as great as it is for his well-known picture of "the Misers," at Windsor Castle. That extraordinary piece of ironwork is now under repair at Messrs. Bramah's, and must be considered one of the finest specimens in the country, presenting panelling and tracery, crockets, finials, and minute ornaments, wrought in the most perfect and artistical manner. Inquiring of one of the firm whether he would be able to produce a similar work, his reply was, "Certainly; but not by contract, or under limitation of time;" and these, there is no doubt, are the great bars against the improvement of our own mechanics and artisans. The master cannot afford to develope a man's ability; what he is obliged to seek for is, the greatest quantity of work in the smallest space of time: excellent work won't do; work that will pass is all that he can hope to give. And the result, as might have been expected, is a lamentable decline in many of the constructive arts.—*The Builder.*

INUNDATIONS IN CANADA.

The breaking up of the ice in Canada has been attended with sad results. Such has been its movement over the falls of Niagara, accompanied by a strong north wind, that the Niagara river was completely blocked up. The ice on the 2nd ult. within a mile of the falls, was *forty feet high!* In the rapid course of the ice everything on the docks and wharves at Queenston and Lewiston was swept off, with the contents of the storehouses. At Youngstown it cleared off every house near the wharves, and the steam flour mill went with it. The damage all round is not far from 100,000 dollars.

TESTIMONY OF THOSE OUT OF THE CHURCH.

No. 2.

On Exclusive Salvation.

It was a saying of the gentle Fenelon (the dove of Cambray), that a man must be either a Catholic or a Deist. This saying, as sound as it is remarkable, may not be very palatable to the latitudinarian and free-thinker, because it would seem to advocate the doctrine of exclusive salvation; yet, sift and test it, and it will be found to advocate nothing but what reason, good sense, scripture, and, indeed, all religionists practically admit, and must admit. All must acknowledge that there is but *one* God, *one* faith, *one* baptism, *one* sheepfold, *one* shepherd; and that if there are sheep other than of the one true fold, they also, in the language of our Saviour, are to be brought to the fold, if they are to be saved. Here is the whole system theoretical and practical of the unpleasant doctrine of exclusive salvation; and it is neither scriptural nor Christian to try to distort the words of the inspired volume, and suit them to our human notions. Salvos some may seek to put in, but conscience, conviction, moral necessity, cannot give admission to such salvos, on which these persons expect to save themselves. Here, perhaps, taking the alarm, they may ask: What, then, are you so intolerant as to say, that we shall be excluded from heaven? We judge you not, we leave you individually to be weighed in the scales of eternal justice; but as truth itself assures me, that there is but one true sheepfold, and that God daily added to the Church those who were to be saved, it would be folly to look for salvation elsewhere, except in the case of invincible ignorance.

But to make a farther remark; there is something so childish and petulant in this question, that I doubt whether it deserves a grave reply at all. Why, protestants themselves and others hold this very doctrine, at which they affect to be startled and take umbrage. Do they not exclude from salvation, those who disbelieve the Trinity? Do they not read the exclusive clauses of the Athanasian creed? What do they mean by the term Catholic Church? Why do they speak of heretics and schismatics? Why do they baptise infants? Why do they refuse christian burial to suicides? Why do they send missioners to convert Mahometans, Jews, and New-Zealanders? Why spend so many millions in circulating the Bible? All this is either essential to salvation or it is not. If not, why then speak and act as if it were? But if it is essential, then they themselves pronounce on the salvation of their fellow creature, and are guilty of the same intolerance which they blame in Catholics. But these remarks might have been spared by at once adducing the following Protestant testimony on this point.

1. Profession of the Kirk of Scotland, Glasgow 1771, article 16: "As we believe in one God, so do we most constantly believe, that there hath been, now is, and to the end shall be, *one Kirk*, out of which kirk neither *life*, nor eternal *felicity* is to be hoped for or had; and, therefore, we utterly abhor the *blasphemy* of those, who affirm, that men who live according to equity and justice shall be saved in whatever religion they may have lived." This genuine Scotch language needs no comment.

2. Her subsequent confession of faith agreed on by the Westminster divines, approved by the general assembly and ratified by parliament, 1649, holds the same language: "The visible Church, which is also Catholic or universal, consists of all those throughout the world, that profess the true religion, and is the kingdom of the Lord, the house and family of God, out of which there is no *ordinary* possibility of salvation." This is as strong as any thing to be found in any Catholic writer.

3. The next Protestant authority is one of no mean character, viz. James I. of England, 1612. He speaks through Isaac Casaubon, his right-hand man, and whom he rewarded for writing against the Catholics: "The King plainly believes, without falacy or deceit, that there is but *one* true church called Catholic or universal, *out of which* he holds that no salvation is to be expected." Casaubon to Card. Perron. p. 10.

4. The Netherland Protestants, in their profession of faith, 1561, and approved by the famous synod of Dort, 1619, give us the following very express language: "We believe and confess *one only*, Catholic and universal church: it will continue till time shall be no more." Confessio Belgica Art. 27.

Again, Art. 28. p. 141, they say: "This society and congregation is the society of those who are to be saved, and there is *no salvation out of it.*"

5. In the French Protestant Catechism the minister asks the child, "Why the article of the creed respecting the forgiveness of sin is placed next to those of the church?" The answer is, "Because *no one* obtains pardon of his sins, who is not incorporated with the people of God and the unity of the church." Minister. "So then, my child, *out* of the church, there is nothing but death and damnation?" A. "Without doubt, for those who separate, and form a sect apart, can never expect salvation, whilst they so continue." Amsterdam Ed. 1710. p. 283.

6. Let us now hear the "magnanimous" father of the Reformation, Martin Luther: "I know some," he says, "who were of opinion about fifteen years ago, that every man would be saved in his own way of thinking: now, what is this but to collect all the enemies of Christ into one phalanx? nay, in such case, there must have been no need of Christ or his Gospel *at all.* Strange, then, must be the impudence of the Zuinglians, to have not only broached such a doctrine themselves, but to palm it on me." Luth, in 47, Gen. tom. 6. p. 633.

7. *Tillotson.* Tom. 6. p. 245. Edit. Post obit. says: "If the Church of Rome be the Catholic Church, it is *necessary* to be of that communion, because *out of the* Catholic Church, there is no ordinary possibility of salvation."

8. *Dr. Pearson.* On creed. p. 349. Edit. 1669, has the following words: "The necessity of believing the Catholic Church appears in this, that Christ hath appointed it as the *only way* to eternal life; Christ never appointed *two ways to heaven*, nor did he build a church to save *some*, and make another institution for *other men's salvation.* There is no other name under heaven whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus, and that name is not otherwise given than in the Church."

"As *none* were saved from the deluge, but such as were in the ark of Noah, so *none will ever* escape the eternal wrath of God, which belong not to the church of God."

Surely, after this, to charge Catholics with intolerance and want of charity on this point, will be not only unreasonable, but as Dr. Tillotson phrases it, "dint of imprudence and facing down of mankind."

AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS.

No pursuit has such a variety of interest, nor can any business or profession vie with it in happiness and independence. The farmer has every day some fresh incident, some new progress to observe—the advance of his crops, the condition of his stock, and the results of his experiments—and his life is passed in the midst of all that should make it enjoyable; its attractions are felt by the highest, and it is a following that never degrades. No profession or occupation in these respects can compare with it; and, without affording large profits, it begins by giving much that large profits and years of labour are devoted to end with.—*Hewitt Davis.*

AN EXPOSITION OF THE MOTIVES WHICH INDUCED DE HURTER TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The researches that I was obliged to make for the composition of my history of Pope Innocent III, had fixed my attention upon the wonderful structure that distinguishes the edifice of the Catholic Church. I was lost in admiration in observing the vigorous direction imprinted by its long line of sovereign pontiffs, all worthy of their high position; and I admired the vigilance with which they maintained the unity and purity of its doctrine.

In contradistinction to these facts the nobility of the protestant sects presented itself; their pitiful dependence upon government authority, their interior divisions, and that spirit of individualism which submits their doctrine to the never-ending analysis of critics, the cavilling of theologians, and the free interpretation of preachers. Myself in the latter quality, and later on as spiritual chief of a protestant canton of Switzerland, I was looked upon as a sentinel charged to keep watch upon a post half lost, but obliged to defend it by every means in my power, with a firm and courageous resolution; it was for this end that I upheld, with the most inflexible rigour, all the fundamental dogmas of revealed christianity, those of the Trinity, of Original sin, of the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and of the Redemption. All my teaching, both as preacher and professor, tended to repulse every attempt of rationalism. I then seriously applied myself to fortify and maintain the surviving remnants of the true doctrine. But, at this period, the special object of my labours concerned more the exterior than the interior of the Church, rather its history and its constitution than its dogmas. Nevertheless, my religious conviction was already hurt to see the fraction of protestantism to which I belonged, entirely set aside the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, either as taking no notice whatever of her existence, or only looking upon her as an ordinary mother, and a simply pious woman. From my tender youth, without having sought to instruct myself by reading various works, without entering into any discussion, or possessing a particular knowledge of the Catholic doctrine with regard to the Mother of God, I had always felt penetrated by an inexpressible veneration for her. I saw in her the advocate of christians, and in my private life, from the bottom of my heart, I addressed myself to her. In protestant pulpits it is allowable completely to reject all that the founders of protestantism have condescended to retain of the dogmas of christianity, but to wish to preserve, or re-establish what they have rejected, would, without the least doubt, from protestants meet with violent opposition, and the severest blame. Nevertheless, I endeavoured to call attention to the *Virgin*, (thus she is called even in the confession of Augsburg) and to bring to the minds of my fellow believers what was the high signification of the person of the Mother of Christ. To go beyond that was not possible for me, in the particular situation in which I was placed.

In the year 1840, the improper question was addressed to me, "Was I a protestant at heart?" A question which had no reference to facts with regard to my public functions, but exclusively to the subject of "the History of Innocent III." and "a Voyage to Vienna." I refused to answer this question, because it was endeavouring to ascertain rather what I did not believe than what I did. If, on the contrary, I had been asked: "Are you a Catholic? I should then, at that period, have answered by a decided negative. My refusal raised against me a complete storm, and ingratitude, contracted ideas, a narrow piety, envy, vengeance, and political hatred all united against one man, who, on his side, defended himself with much warmth. At the present time, to tell the truth, I only owe thanks to my enemies; now that the fruit of justice and peace is ripe, I recognize in those struggles that were then so painful to me, the salutary means employed for my sanctification; convinced that God, notwithstanding many long windings, has wished to conduct me from my earliest youth to the end I have attained at this blessed hour; I look upon the tempest which rolled over my head as the signal and impulsion of the course I have followed from that day, and upheld with a firm and inflexible will.

I and all my family fell ill; two beloved daughters were snatched from me by death; whilst in more than one Catholic convent of Switzerland, prayers were said for the recovery of my children, *Pietism* displayed a cruel joy, and felt happy in being able to plunge a triple sword into the heart of a father. I then was profoundly convinced that with such people peace was only to be hoped for by consenting to bend under the hard yoke of a miserable blindness. Could my choice remain doubtful? I rejected dignities, places, revenues, and returned to private life, disgusted with a sect which by rationalism overturns all the dogmas of Christianity, or by pietism tramples morality under foot. I did not, however, yet admit all the doctrine of the Catholic Church. But can it be imagined that four years of the life of a man who thinks, who likes research, and has the entire use of his time, could be passed without his either advancing or receding? No one would believe it. The truth is, that the bias given to my mind by Divine Providence had caused me to progress, which was likewise hastened by my studies. I do not mean to say that such and such persons would have influenced me directly or indirectly; but the light showed itself, and shed a more distinct brilliancy from day to day upon the path which I followed.

During the progress of my work I had to consult numerous authors upon the origin of the so-called reform, upon its causes and the means employed to fix its tenets, and its political influence particularly upon England. Proofs were not wanting, even around me, which showed the fury that animates rationalism against the Catholic Church, whilst it abandons protestantism to its own free action, and even unites with it, because they both pursue the same end, the destruction of Catholicism. This other fact presented itself to me in the midst of my studies; Catholic nations, when plunged in the vortex of political revolutions, have the power to stop and reconstitute themselves, whilst protestant ones cannot steady themselves in their precipitate movements; the former when agitated by revolutionary delirium, recover much sooner from this social malady than protestant nations, and the latter only in proportion as their hostile sentiments against Catholics are weakened.

The struggles likewise which the Catholic Church has undergone in our own age, and over the entire world, especially exercised a decisive influence upon my mind. I examined the moral value of the different parts, and the means of combat employed respectively by them. Here I saw at the head of the enemies of the Church that autocrat who unites in his person the cruelty of a Domitian and the craftiness of a Julian; there, those political pharisees who emancipate the blacks to oppress the whites under a harder yoke and the weight of horrible misery, because they are Catholics;* who cross the seas to propagate with one hand the sterility of an evangelical doctrine, and with the other furnish daggers for every rebellion!† Here is Prussia, a protestant country, where every stratagem of diplomatic perfidy has been employed to make the Lutherans and Calvinists co-operate, in order to crush more surely the

* Ireland. † The English missionaries.

Catholic Church; in other German countries ministerial despotism, inspired by the audacious and impudent doctrines of Hegel, makes use of spies, judges, fines, and prisons, against priests who are faithful to their belief. In France deputies bring into play every artifice of an inexhaustible eloquence to restrict the rights of the church; government strains every nerve to maintain a legislation springing from the worst revolutionary passions; a superficial civilization reigns, the daughter of the press, the idolatry of material interests, a system of philosophy directed against God himself, and youth brought up in principles destructive of all social order. A monstrous assemblage of men and things, who jostle each other in the confusion to overturn the eternal edifice of Providence.

Notwithstanding so many contrarieties and attacks, the breath of a better spirit is felt. From what point of the horizon it blows one cannot say, but it is impossible to deny that the Church gains ground, even where the most violent efforts are made to check it. The blows aimed only serve to strengthen it, and plans organized by those most powerful are baffled contrary to every expectation.

It is true that even amongst the priests are to be found some too narrow-minded to be able to appreciate catholic institutions at their true value; priests who have the pretension to reduce the colossal edifice of the church to the level of their own low intelligence; but happily there are others who act with more mind and vigour; who are not intimidated by the word *ultramontism*, which is so readily at the command of those who wish to shackle the true and inviolable action of the Church.

These were the facts which made me seriously reflect upon the existence of an institution which rises, renewed and strengthened, from the struggle with so many enemies, whether openly declared, or hypocritically disguised.

After giving in my dismission as president of the consistory, I dedicated my leisure moments to the study of Catholic dogmas, and I profited, in this respect, by the reading of the *Symbolical* by Mæhler. I had never doubted that christianity was of divine revelation; but, at this period only, I examined certain assertions of protestants who pretend, for example, that christianity only retained its purity during the first ages, and for twelve succeeding ones was plunged in an abyss of errors and purely human institutions, an abyss that was at length only closed by the appearance of superior geniuses...that is to say, of a monk rich in contradictions of every kind, and a debauched and rapacious king. Ought not simple common sense to forbid all confidence in a pretended reform conducted by persons whose moral value was so low and revolting? Add to this the interior divisions of so many protestant sects, their disagreement on all essential points of doctrine, and their union upon the one point only, of opposition and hatred to the Church. I was then led to perceive that the differences which exist in the protestant doctrine manifested themselves in the very first days of reform, in the same way as at the present day there are amongst protestants so many who astonish by the strangeness of their systems, and the facility with which they change or modify according to the wants of the day. Not one of the least decisive causes which contributed to enlighten and fix me in my resolution, was the certainty of finding, on the contrary, amongst Roman catholic theologians, unity and harmony of doctrine. The language of protestant novators respecting an invisible church and the tradition of pure doctrine by means of an indefinite succession of heresies, cannot blind any one who has preserved or found the faculty of appreciating men and things.

I was finally strengthened in this conviction by reading a German translation of the treatise of the *explanation of the Mass*, by Innocent III. Such are the visible and palpable means which God made use of for my conversion, they can be understood and appreciated by every one. The hidden motives which come from above, and are only known in heaven, will remain a secret for men. It was only after my entering the bosom of the Catholic Church that I knew how many prayers had been addressed to the eternal Father in different convents, likewise by priests and laymen in Rome, and the rest of Italy, in the Tyrol, in Bavaria, in Switzerland, and perhaps also in other countries; prayers for many years poured forth to the blessed Virgin to obtain her intercession with the Dispenser of all grace; after my conversion only I learnt how many Masses had been celebrated to propitiate the mercy of God in my behalf. The day of my departure for Rome one of my friends recommended me to the Arch Confraternity of the holy and immaculate heart of Mary.

Under the protection of these pious sentiments, I undertook my voyage to Rome, the 29th of February, 1844, firmly resolved to declare myself the most faithful son of this tender mother, the Catholic Church. At Pavia, thanks to a friendly intervention, and by a particular favour the well authenticated relics of the great bishop of Hippo were exposed: I tremblingly approached these sacred bones, keeping still secretly in my heart my sentiments of respect and love, for the moment of publicly declaring myself was not yet come. But I received from the contemplation of these holy relics a new and more active impulsion to accomplish my project. How could I not find an institution great, praiseworthy, and attaching, which after the lapse of fifteen centuries, has not ceased to venerate the terrestrial envelopement of a superior intelligence, an eternal model of the most heroic virtues, whose genius and power still enlighten and strengthen the Church. These pious and noble sentiments were encouraged in my mind by reading a work of the canon Giovanni Bosisio: *An historical relation, with documents, of the gift of an authenticated relic of the body of St. Augustine, made by the Church of Pavia to his lordship the Right Reverend Antony Adolphus Dussuch, bishop of Algiers.* There was perhaps only one fact which might have been capable of stopping me in the execution of my project; it would have been meeting with a praiseworthy, but ill-timed zeal, to hasten the moment of my conversion. In this respect, I have only had to congratulate myself; for, during my three months' sojourn in Rome, no moral action of any kind was brought into play in order to make me pronounce those solemn words which my friends so much wished to hear. Once only in an audience granted me by the Holy Father, these words were addressed to me with an inexpressible serenity: SPERO CHE LEI SERA MIO FIGLIO: I HOPE THAT YOU WILL ONE DAY BE MY SON. Another time Mgr Rossi, the learned and pious archbishop of Thessalonica, said to me at Naples: *I hope you will be one of us.* Several other friends and protectors expressed similar wishes, but without ever going farther. Although I had the happiness of being honoured with many intimate conversations with the celebrated Rev. Father Perone, of the Society of Jesus, this holy and learned prelate only once made allusion to what was nevertheless the wish of his heart. On the feast of St. Louis of Gonzaga, when I was thanking him with my whole soul for never having attacked me upon this subject, the reverend Father answered: "*I foresaw that the grace of God was sufficient to operate, and that is why human intervention would have been superfluous.*"

At Mont Cassin, in that illustrious house, the mother of so many abbeys and celebrated congregations, the conversation one day fell upon my conversion. My friends expressed the fear of drawing upon me the fury of hatred if my conversion was made with solemnity instead of the retreat and silence of a quiet and little frequented church. I replied: "I have de-

cided to abjure at Rome, and I will neither seek nor avoid the publicity, more or less striking, of an action which there is no occasion to conceal, since it is good, just, and praiseworthy; above all, in this to me most important circumstance, I will act with the loyalty which has always been my rule of conduct."

Although in the preface to a collection of divers works, published shortly before my journey for Rome, I had clearly indicated my project of conversion, still I had never had any explanation on the subject with my wife. I proposed to make her acquainted with my intentions by writing. In fact, my letters dated from Pisa contained information which became more and more clear and distinct as I approached Rome. Thank God, I experienced the sweet satisfaction of meeting from my wife only a moderate and tenderly affectionate opposition, which finally ended in the fears of a mother anxious for the futurity of her children. Decidedly in this circumstance, as in so many others, the influence of the divine will was manifest and direct. Tranquil on this point, I no longer wished to retard the execution of my great act. The 14th of June, I declared to his Eminence the Cardinal Ostini, the only friend who knew my secret thought, that nothing now opposed my entering into the bosom of the Church. The day and hour for my abjuration were fixed for the following Sunday in the apartments of his Eminence. I thought it my duty to inform his Holiness of my resolution, as he had deigned to honour me with so much good will and paternal kindness. When my letter arrived, the Cardinal Secretary of State was with his Holiness, and the Holy Father, full of joy, communicated it to him. The Holy Father and the Cardinal did not approve of the idea which I had of making only at the moment a simple declaration, and signing an act of abjuration, to accomplish later, on my return to Switzerland, the other ceremonies.

My entering into the Catholic Church was there executed the 16th of June, 1844, on the feast of St. Francis Regis; I made my first Communion and received Confirmation the 21st of June, the feast of St. Louis Gonzaga. On this solemnity the Cardinal Ostini remembered with emotion that thirty years ago he had in the same chapel of St. Louis Gonzaga, received into the bosom of the Catholic Church the celebrated painter Overbeck, who stood as my god-father. I was admitted to the honour of receiving the Holy Communion preceding the young Roman students, who were called together for this ceremony, in order to prove that impartial and serious studies will not fail to conduct intelligent minds to identify themselves with the living unity of the Catholic Church. The presence of a great number of my Roman, German, French, and Swiss friends on this for me memorable day, has been an additional encouragement for my courage and perseverance.

Never believe that you have made much progress in perfection, unless you esteem yourself the worst of all, and desire to be thought less of than all others; because it is the true mark of those who are great in the sight of God, to be little in their own eyes; and the more glorious they are in the eyes of our Lord, so much the more vile do they appear in their own.—*St. Theresa.*

To be at the same time most rich in every virtue, truly great in the eyes of God, caressed and esteemed by him, and yet little and vile in our own eyes, is a degree of humility no less pleasing to God, than it is rare amongst men. Oh, how perfect in this respect was our blessed Lady, who, when it was declared to her by the archangel, that she was the person destined to be the mother of God, regarded herself but as a servant and a slave!—*St. Bernard.*

CHRISTE QUI LUX ES ET DIES.

Hymn at Complin in Lent.

O Christ our light, and beaming day,
Who dost the night's fell darkness chase,
Light of all light, o'er us thy rays
Pour forth, thou Sun of Righteousness.

Thee we implore, O Holy Lord,
Defend us 'neath the shades of night,
Grant us in thee sweet rest to find
Until the morrow's dawning light.

Shielded from our untiring foes
O may we rest in sleep serene—
Lest our frail sinful flesh consent
Itself to stain with guilt unclean.

And while our eyes in sleep are closed
May our souls ever watch to Thee;
Thy faithful servants by thy power
Defend from every enemy.

Protect us from those cunning snares
Which oft our wavering steps delude;
Remember that thou hast us bought,
E'en at the price of thine own blood.

Be mindful that our flesh is frail
Who art the God of purity;
Be present with those troubled souls
Who in their anguish cry to Thee.

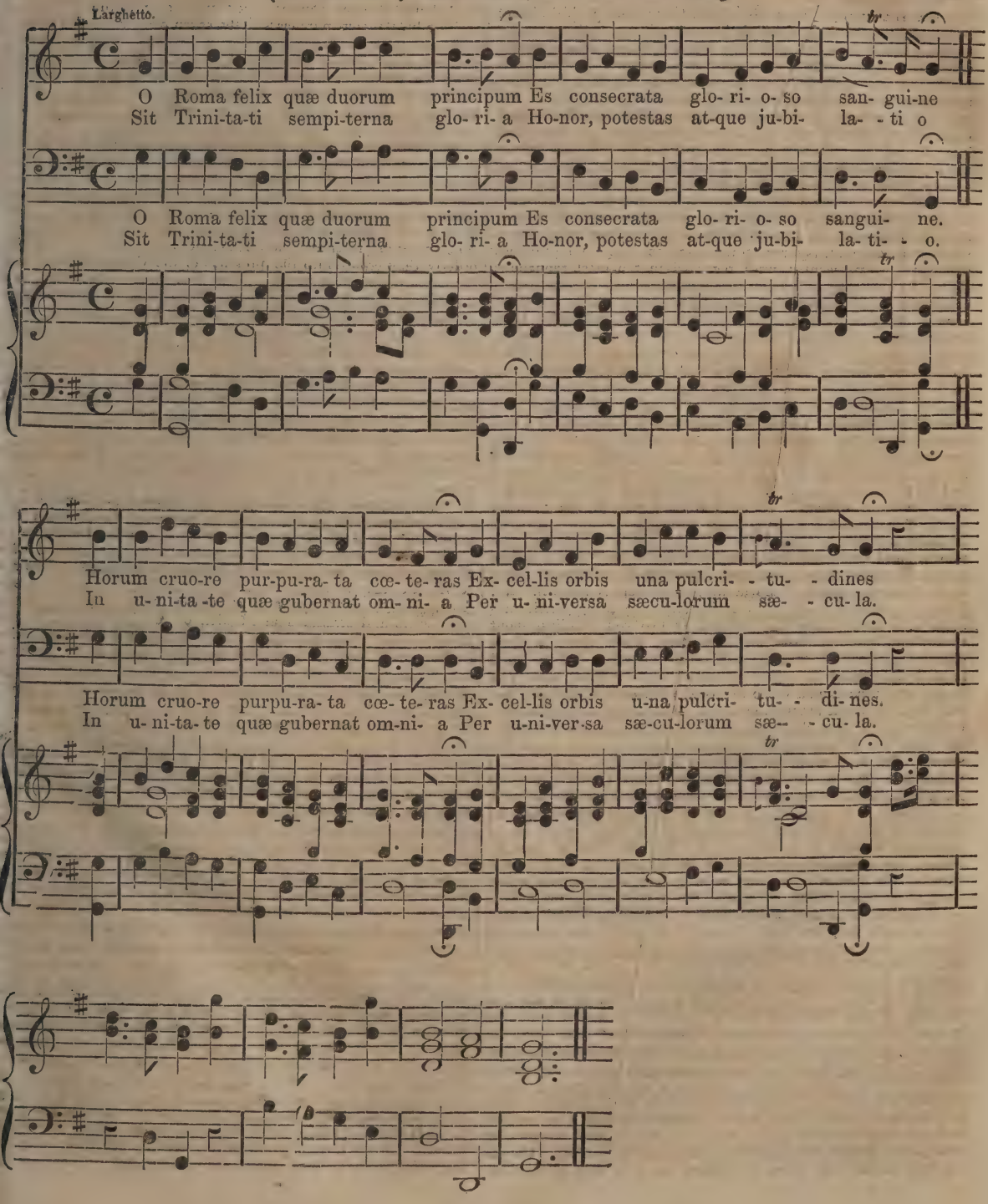
Almighty Father, hear our prayer
Through Jesus Christ our Saviour Lord,
Who with the Holy Ghost and Thee
Shall be for evermore adored. M.

St. Vincent delighted that all should know his failings, and he himself frequently manifested them on the proper occasions, in order that all might make light of him and despise him; so that he often used to say he was the son of a poor peasant, an ignorant creature, and a poor student of grammar. For the same reason he showed to all the missionaries of the house, and to many foreign persons of distinction, a poor nephew of his, who had come to seek him. And because, when he was first informed of his arrival, he had felt a first motion of repugnance to let him be seen, he constantly accused himself publicly of this before his companions, calling it a great defect, and exaggerating his pride. Hence he could not bear to hear himself praised, or to see people treat him with respect. So that one day a poor woman, in order the better to induce him to give her an alms, having said in the presence of many people of rank, that she had been servant to his mother; the saint displeased with the honour, immediately replied, "O, poor woman, you are very much mistaken, my mother never kept a servant; so far from it, she herself was once in service, and was the wife of a poor citizen." For the same reason he was never heard to speak of the many excellent works he had written, and of the wonderful occurrences that had so often befallen him. And a sufficient proof of this is, that when an infinite number of occasions presented themselves to him to speak of his slavery in Tunis, particularly in the exhortations which he made to his own people, and to strangers, to urge them to assist the poor slaves in Barbary, he never let a word escape, either concerning himself, or about what he had said and done for the conversion of the man who had made him his slave, nor about any thing else that had happened to him in those countries: which is a very rare instance of self-denial, on account of the pleasure which every one naturally has in recounting the dangers, and difficulties, and adventures, out of which he has happily escaped; and especially when the success shows in us any virtue, or can redound to our honour.

O ROMA FELIX.

(For the 29th of June, Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.)

WEBBE.


Larghetto.
O Roma felix quæ duorum principum Es consecrata glo- ri- o- so san- gui-ne
Sit Trini-ta-ti sempi-terna glo- ri- a Ho-nor, potestas at-que ju-bi- la- - ti o
O Roma felix quæ duorum principum Es consecrata glo- ri- o- so sangui- ne.
Sit Trini-ta-ti sempi-terna glo- ri- a Ho-nor, potestas at-que ju-bi- la- ti- - o.
Horum cruo-re pur-pu-ra- ta cœ- te- ras Ex- cel-lis orbis una pulcri- - tu- - dines
In u- ni-ta -te quæ gubernat om- ni- a Per u- ni-versa sæcu-lorum sæ- - cu- la.
Horum cruo-re purpu-ra- ta cœ- te- ras Ex- cel-lis orbis u-na pulcri- tu- - di- nes.
In u- ni-ta- te quæ gubernat om-ni- a Per u-ni-ver-sa sæ-cu-lorum sæ- - cu- la.

SKETCHES FROM MUNICH.

No. 7.

CHRISTMAS is a festival of such jubilee throughout the christian world, that the most puritanical and morose people cannot help indulging in some cheerful demonstrations or other, usually peculiar to the occasion, and of a different character in different countries. Every body knows what pre-eminence England formerly held in her Christmas merry-making, when such characteristic hospitality and frank hilarity prevailed among and knit together all ranks of her people as was quite unequalled in any other country. The cold grovelling tendencies of Protestantism have in our day seriously damaged and put out of countenance the ingenuous cordialities which characterised a Catholic state of society. But it is pleasant to think that we have most probably seen the worst of the "Reformation," the experience of whose results is already beginning to produce indifference, impatience, and, in some quarters, disgust, while there is an increasing disposition abroad to turn a regretful glance at times and practices which, till very recently, were regarded in the most repugnant light. In Germany, Christmas still continues to be celebrated, especially in its Catholic districts, by customs which are tenaciously clung to, as they should be by all ranks, and which have lately become so popularly known in England through the descriptions of several intelligent and admired writers. No where is the festival more merrily and piously observed than at Munich. But as the matter is now no novelty, as a mere glance at some of the leading features will no doubt be thought sufficient, if not indeed superfluous. The distant approach of Christmas is a fact of the very greatest importance in all families, particularly among juvenile branches. For on Christmas Eve a grand reunion of all the kith and kin of every house takes place to receive and give presents mutually. These presents are prepared in the most profound secrecy. To find out what will be the gifts of cousin this or aunt that, what Papa intends for Mamma, or what Mamma means to surprise Papa with, are points of the most perplexing, and commonly indefatigable guess work. Every stratagem is employed to bring such an inquiry to a satisfactory result by the junior members of the family, but generally quite in vain. I sat in a parlour while the speculation as to the probable presents of a large family was pursued by two young ladies, about twelve and thirteen years old. Suddenly their sister, a little older, burst into the room, pale with agitation—"I've found it out! I've found it out!" screamed she.—"What have you found out?" exclaimed the other two, starting and meeting her half way.—"What Mamma means to give Papa!" she replied triumphantly. "Shut the door lest they hear you!" said one, while the other set to coaxing the fortunate discoverer, to reveal her secret. But for a while she delighted in tantalizing to an almost unbearable pitch the curiosity of her two sisters; who, as may be imagined, could not suppose at the time any thing in the universe so desirable to know as what Mamma had in view to give Papa on Christmas Eve. At length doubtless finding the weight of so important a piece of intelligence too great for her to bear by herself, she presently shared it with her sisters, who were enraptured at the idea of a fine new walking cane and splendid waistcoat piece—upon which, of course, the most sacred protestations of inviolable faith were reciprocated. Three days before Christmas actually falls out, there is opened in one of the squares at Munich what is called the Christmas fair. The great staple article offered for sail is the Christmas tree, which as is now so generally known plays an indispensable part in all family parties on Christmas Eve. It is manufactured of every variety of size and design, to meet the means of all parties, for indeed from the palace to the cottage this fantastic tree of peace and joy is in request. Its branches and foliage are usually profusely set off by partly coloured ribbons and knots, among which small paper lamps are suspended, and it is secured on a gaudily painted stand. A stroll through the Christmas fair affords much entertainment, especially to a stranger. It has the appearance of a perfect forest, the trees being ranged in long rows, which form avenues for the public, and presenting a very novel and gay effect. Crowds of fond parents with troops of children are to be seen on all sides, bargaining for and selecting a Christmas tree. The variety of fancy displayed in the article is the cause of constant wrangling among juvenile ladies and gentlemen, whose conflicting tastes it is impossible to meet. During the first two days, the best of the trees are commonly disposed of to the wealthier classes. On the last day, being the eve itself, the inferior trees remain on hand, and towards evening become a drug depreciating greatly in price, and then the poorer orders flock in thickly to the scene, and make advantageous purchases. By seven o'clock the fair is over, and in every house stage upon stage, as you pass along the streets, you see some room illuminated by the Christmas tree, around which the family is gathered. The proceedings are as follows: At the upper end of the apartment, presiding at a long table, the Christmas tree is set up, and the little paper lamps which it profusely bears are lighted. On the table beneath are displayed in methodical order the various presents mutually given by all the members of the family, with the names of the giver and receiver attached to each. These consist of an assortment of jewellery, books, musical boxes, cutlery, articles of wearing apparel, and other objects according to every one's pleasure. In the mean time the family circle has assembled in another room, when presently they are informed that all is ready. Impatiently and disorderly they crowd into the presence of the Christmas tree, and the treasures which it guards. Then the gifts are scrutinized, and a riddle is solved at every glance. Then there are exclamations of surprise and admiration; then there is hearty thanking, bantering, and laughing going on on all sides. Every one has a token of every one's good will in his or her hands, and it is all by the joyous light of the Christmas tree which stands the genius of the scene, its lamps like so many eyes sparkling with mirth, and its gay pendant ribbons like so many dimples and smiles of good nature. Potations of punch, singing and reciting enhance the hilarity of the hour, whose happiness lasts till the lamps of the tree are exhausted, when the proceedings terminate. Presently all the world retires to rest till between eleven and twelve o'clock, when all are again roused by the glad chimes, of the churches led by the great bells of the Cathedrals, summoning to solemn midnight service. The appeal is not in vain—for undoubtedly the great majority of all ranks are imbued by a genuine feeling for so glorious a commemoration. The various churches adorned with all their costliest finery present a gorgeous appearance; while the services, as may be imagined, are performed with imposing splendour. But the grand centre of attraction, more especially for the sight seers and strangers at Munich on Christmas Eve, is the Royal chapel. Long before the time of service the Palace galleries leading to it and its great doorway are besieged by anxious crowds, and as soon as admittance is given its limited area is densely and immovably thronged. The king and entire court circle invariably assist in state at the solemn offices which are celebrated with extraordinary pomp; and indeed it would be difficult to imagine any thing in its way superior to the appearance which the scene presents under the circumstances. The divine frescoes of Hesse which cover the gorgeously gilded roof and walls, the exquisite mosaic work so profusely and tastefully lavished where the least effect could be elicited, the polished porphyry pillars supporting the galleries crowded by the dazzling array of the court circle, the jewelled vestments of the priest sparkling through clouds of incense, and the elaborate order of the ceremonial at the high altar, combine to produce an indescribable impression, heightened as it is by the blaze of illumination shed around from lamps and lustres used only on this occasion. Then the ravishing music of the choir, which generally executes some great masterwork, completes a result which can only be surpassed by the more majestic solemnities of Rome. On Christmas day all classes turn out in their very first-rate style; the nobility display their gayest equipages, and the country people their most grotesque cuts. A grand public concert in the evening usually terminates the observances of the day, at which their majesties always appear. On the recent occasion Handel's Messiah was given before a vast miscellaneous audience by a band of 300 performers. Immediately after Christmas the gay season of the carnival sets in, terminated by Ash Wednesday. It is a ceaseless round of enjoyment and dissipation among all classes, but especially at court and in the fashionable world; balls, routs, and masquerading universally prevail. On the three days directly preceding Ash Wednesday the festivities arrive at their most extravagant pitch. There are few

houses then but what have their masked party in the evenings. Open masquerading in the streets, however, as practised at Rome. Venice and other places has very much declined at Munich of late years, and is now little if at all seen. Hence, on these three renowned days the city does not present that grotesque and entertaining appearance to the stranger which elsewhere is the case. Ash Wednesday transforms everything of a sudden to the other extreme of sobriety and order. I have before alluded to the pious habits which the Churches in Catholic Countries constantly bring under observation. Many of these not only shock the feelings of Protestants, utterly incapable of estimating properly their spirit, but often annoy the English Catholics too, whose religious fervour developed amid the depressing influences of a 'Reformed atmosphere,' usually shrinks from or grows captious at any ingenuous exterior manifestation. The following scene attracted my attention last Christmas day in St. Peter's church, whither I had gone to view the decorations; the great high mass had just concluded, and there was accordingly great stir and confusion owing to the withdrawing of the people in different directions. This venerable pile, like all others of a similar standing, contains many images, pictures, and other objects which attract an extraordinary popular veneration. My attention was first drawn aside by an old woman of the poorest class, who, after a common custom, was evidently making a tour of the church to pay her respects on so great a feast, to every thing which it contained of special holiness. She was a little crooked figure, far stricken in years, with a withered countenance, which poverty seemed long and sorely to have tried. Nevertheless she sported her utmost finery. On her head she wore her best, or perhaps her usual, fur cap smartened up afresh, with its band and tassel of tarnished gold lace; her black bodice was adorned by a silver chain girdle, and her petticoat and apron though faded were still staringly gay. She seemed totally abstracted by her occupation, which as may be supposed exhibited the style of her class. When I first observed her she had just arrived before an image of our Lady and Child, gorgeously arrayed in garments of cloth of gold, with many tapers burning beneath in its honour. She paused motionless, while her lips moved and her hands were uplifted. The prayer which she repeated, and doubtless knew by heart, was printed on a card suspended directly under the object of veneration. When she seemed to have finished it, she devoutly kissed the card several times, and then looking up at the meek countenance of the effigy, tears trickled down her cheeks: then she smiled and nodded to it, and blew kisses to it from her finger ends. At length she hobbled away, though not without turning and seeming to make many farewell signs, to the next attraction, where the same demonstrations were repeated. In the mean time I presently made the discovery that I was not the only person present whose curiosity was directed to this poor old woman. On turning casually my head I beheld very near to me what I instinctively recognised as a fellow-countryman, much more intent than I was on the same object of interest. A sudden feeling prompted me to watch him. He was clearly a protestant, most likely of the established church. His air wore all that bold and careless assumption which peculiarly marks the Englishman abroad, and is no where brought into such high relief as when under the roof of a Catholic Church. He had evidently stepped in to see the "*superstitions of Popery*" on a great festival. Very aptly had this old woman caught his eye. He pursued her movements intently, and as she receded farther off, he viewed her through his glass. A sardonic smile played about his lips. Derision and scorn animated his countenance. Never had he witnessed any thing at once so contemptible and absurd. Such was clearly his impression. Moreover, what he saw was actually transpiring in the nineteenth century. Amid the halo of the reign of reason and science that old woman was positively a *fact*. It was quite impossible not to see from his bearing that a train of philosophical reflection had sprung up in his mind. Without doubt he complacently dwelt on his own superiority to such degrading mummeries, imbued as his mind was by the glorious independence of rational views, and fortified by the pursuit of useful knowledge. It was a proud reflection as he stood in that gaudy fane of abject delusion, and recollected the Mechanics' Institute of his native town! But the progress of mind could not be stayed, and would eventually overtake even the Bavarians. I do not vouch that such were indeed the ideas which possessed him while gazing at the old woman; but that very similar ones passed through his mind on the occasion, his mien strongly persuaded me. But what suggested the genius of Catholicism inspiring the entire scene around? That without doubt the merits both intellectual and moral of that poor forlorn and ignorant old woman, manifested as they then were, rose before the face of the omnipotent Searcher of hearts with infinite superiority over every trait of the educated scoffer. There were they both of them; and there was she abject, wretched, half simple if you will, with hardly any medium of thought but her heart: to whom the world was doubtless a scene of cruel and constant woe, only endurable through her fond trust in a happy hereafter, to whom, in consequence, the church was the place, above all others, where her poor spirit imbibed any respite of comfort and peace—where the sacred pictures and images around spoke to her simple mind of her Saviour, his Blessed Mother, the angels and saints; with whom it was her great joy to hope she should one day reign, and before whose effigies, therefore, she naturally poured out the entire love and veneration of her breast in all its native simplicity! Undoubtedly, that such an object as this should be deemed a legitimate mark for the contempt and derision of what is called an educated and rational mind in modern times, as indeed is constantly the case, exactly as described in this instance, is surely a worthy proof by itself of the depth, the wisdom, and, above all, the Christian tone which distinguish the intellectualism of the nineteenth eentury: than which fortunate era, it may at the same time also be added, no other was assuredly ever more penetrated with a profound appreciation of the text—"Unless ye become as little children ye shall have no part with me."

Z. Y.

WHEN THE SAINT ON HIS DEATH-BED LIES WEAK.

When the saint on his death-bed lies weak,
What joys to his bosom are given!
With rapture he looks up to heaven,
While over his angel-like cheek
Bright sparkles the sunbeam of hope!
Oh! then how sweet his bliss!

Flying back upon memory's wing
He retraces the days that are gone:
And beholds the sweet virtues that shone
Like flowers on the bosom of Spring,
On the bright sunny path of his life.
Oh! then how sweet his bliss!

Pressing closely the cross to his breast,
Transported with heavenly joys,
He placidly closes his eyes,
And smilingly sinks to his rest,
Like an innocent infant to sleep!
Oh! then how sweet his bliss!

Then borne on the dove-wings of love,
Encircled by spirits of light,
His soul to her Maker takes flight,
In the regions of glory above,
There for ever in peace to repose.
Oh! then how sweet his bliss!

St. Paula, as St. Jerome expressly informs us, was so eminent in this virtue of humbling herself, that if a person had not seen her before, or had not desired to see her in consequence of her great reputation for sanctity, on seeing her he would not have believed that it was she, but the very lowest of her servants; since whilst in the midst of choirs of pious virgins, she always appeared the least of all, both in point of dress, of speaking, and indeed in all her movements.

TRAVELLING IN THE OLDEN TIME AND AT THE PRESENT DAY.

Few things so strikingly illustrate the changed manners and customs of this country, during a single century, as the alteration in the modes, rates, and cost of travelling. Dr. Aikin in his History of Manchester, gives the following facts as communicated to him by "an accurate and well-informed inquirer :"—

"When the Manchester trade began to extend, the chapmen used to keep gangs of pack horses, and accompany them to the principal towns with goods in packs, which they opened and sold to shopkeepers, lodging what was unsold in small stores at the inns. The pack horses brought back sheep's wool, which was bought on the journey, and sold to the makers of worsted yarn at Manchester, or to the clothiers of Rochdale, Saddleworth, and the West Riding of Yorkshire. On the improvement of turnpike roads waggons were set up, and the pack horses were discontinued ; and the chapmen only rode out for orders, carrying with them patterns in their bags. It was during the forty years from 1730 to 1770, that trade was greatly pushed, by the practice of sending these riders all over the kingdom, to those towns which before had been supplied from the wholesale dealers, in the capital places before mentioned.

"In a manufacturer's private expense book, in 1701, is paid £26. 18s. 9d. for a journey to Scarborough ; and hire of a coach, £13. 6s. 2d.

"In 1700 a manufacturer, taking his family up to London, hired a coach the whole way, which, in the state of the roads, must probably have made it a journey of eight or ten days ; and in 1742 the system of travelling had so little improved, that a lady wanting to come from her niece from Worcester to Manchester, wrote to a friend in the latter place to send for her a hired coach, because the man *knew the road*, having brought from thence a family some time before, and also because he travelled on cheaper terms than the Worcester hired coaches."

Again, it is stated in Baines's History of Lancashire, that—

"In 1721, it appears, from the post-offices regulations, that, at this time, the posts, both to London and the north, departed from Manchester, and returned to this place, only three times a week. *Eight days* were then required to effect the interchange of a post letter from London, which is now [1836] completed in sixty hours."

Such was the nature and speed of English conveyances in the beginning and middle of the last century. In the latter part of the same century things were not much better. In 1754, a "flying coach" was advertised, as about to commence running between Manchester and London, in the following terms, and the greatness of the marvel may be inferred from the positive and assuring tone of the announcement :—

"However incredible it may appear, this coach will actually (barring accidents) arrive in London in *four days and a half* after leaving Manchester ! !"

Again taking a leap over the first 15 years of the present century, what do we find the rate of travelling to be in the years 1815—25? The mail coaches in that period constantly travelled the distance from Manchester to London, in 29 hours ; and it is stated by Aston, in his "Picture of Manchester," that the news of the battle of Waterloo was brought from London to Manchester, by the *Traveller*, the *Defiance*, and the *Telegraph* coaches, in *eighteen hours!* Had any one at this period predicted that in thirty years the distance between London and Manchester would be traversed in *one third* of that number of hours, he would have been universally disbelieved and ridiculed ; yet such is the bare fact.

The next change in the speed of travelling—horses having now done their best—was effected by the introduction of railways. The grand Junction Line was opened on the 5th July, 1837, and the London and Birmingham Line, throughout, on the 17th September, 1838 ; thus making a continuous iron road between Manchester and the metropolis. The steam-horse soon beat horse-flesh "off the road ;" accomplishing the entire distance of 210 miles in *eleven or twelve hours !*

Still, another saving of distance and time was effected by the opening of the Manchester and Birmingham Line from Manchester to Crewe, reducing the distance of those two towns from 97½ to 85 miles, and the entire distance between Manchester and London to 197½ miles—which distance was accomplished in about *nine hours*, and by the mail trains (having fewer stoppages and an accelerated speed) in *seven hours and three quarters.*

A farther reduction of distance will be effected by the means of the Trent Valley Line ; but meantime, the only way to accomplish the journey in shorter time is by an acceleration of speed. And, as we announced in our last, this has been done by the express train, which commenced running on the 1st instant, and which, leaving London at four o'clock in the afternoon, arrives in Manchester at or before ten the same evening ; thus performing the distance in *six hours or less !*

We have seen a letter from a resident of Manchester, who left this town by the express train on Saturday last, at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, and reached London about twelve minutes after ten o'clock ; making the journey of 197½ miles a comfortable afternoon ride of *five hours and forty two minutes!* He timed the speed of the train by his own watch, and at the present moment it may be curious to put these notes of times in contrast with the extracts in the early part of this article, exhibiting the mode and speed of travelling in the last century. He writes :—

"We started from Manchester at 33 minutes past four o'clock, by my watch. Our first stoppage was at Chelford [17 miles] at two minutes to five [31 minutes], for two or three minutes. Then to Crewe, 25 minutes past five [14 miles in 24 or 25 minutes]. We arrived at Stafford at six o'clock [24¾ miles in 35 minutes], ten minutes before our time, which we had to wait ; and then started at a tremendous pace to Birmingham, where we arrived at seven minutes to seven. [29¾ miles in 43 minutes]. Part of the way between Wolverhampton and Birmingham we came about *sixty miles an hour!* We stayed there [Birmingham] till 16 minutes past seven, and stopped at Coventry at 16 minutes to eight. [18¼ miles in 28 minutes]. Kilsby Tunnel seven minutes past eight ; Weedon, 21 minutes past eight [24 miles from Coventry, in 37 minutes]. Blisworth, 25 minutes to nine [seven miles ; 14 minutes ; and got to Wolverton at a quarter to nine [10¼ miles ; 10 minutes !] ; thence to Tring, 21 minutes past nine [20½ miles ; 36 minutes], and finally reached Euston Square at 12 minutes past ten o'clock. [32 miles ; 51 minutes.] The regular speed from Birmingham was 45 to 47 miles an hour ; on the Grand Junction about 50, generally. I did not feel any difference."

Though a Manchester man of 1845 may "feel no difference," what would be the dismay and alarm of a worthy gentleman of the last century, who prudently made his will and took solemn leave of his friends before departing on his tedious journey to the metropolis, with as much serious thought and care as if it were "the last long journey" of humanity ? Who can picture the terror and affright of such a worthy, if he could now be resuscitated, and transferred from his lumbering, heavy, family coach (with more inside space than a modern omnibus), about to start on its *eight days'* journey, to the express railway train, with its short run of *five hours and three quarters ?*

Such are the wonders effected in a single century, by the power of steam. The eight days' journey is reduced to one of six hours! The London evening papers are perused the same evening in Manchester, at a distance of nearly 200 miles ! A Manchester merchant or manufacturer doing all the business of the day, on 'Change, and in his own office or warehouse, and dining at his club, may leave Manchester at half-past four o'clock, and take tea in London, before he can have read through the debates in the *Times* of the same morning, which he may take with him, to dispel the *ennui* of his tedious journey. He may go after tea to the theatre or the opera, and the next day transact a good day's business in London, put himself into the return express train at four in the afternoon, and find himself at his own hearth, sipping his tea, and telling the London news to his wife and family, about ten o'clock that night ; having travelled 400 miles, and taken his usual night's rest, and done a business-day's work, within a little round of thirty hours !

Yesterday, the train left London at four p. m. and reached the station, London Road, Manchester, at half past nine, having accomplished the distance in *five hours and a half!*

It is no easy thing for rash enterprises to be prosperous, and for actions not conducted by prudence to be accompanied by good fortune.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
3 8151 001 26636 7